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PRATT INSTITUTE





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The good taste of trying to be funny in a senior yearbook, especially in the year 1951 can and, no doubt, will be questioned. The questioner might even have a case—but we don't think so. In fact, we are particularly vehement in our belief that humor is pleasant contrast to the sorry scheme of things which daily presents itself in headlines and on the radio, an oasis in a desert of barren politics and fruitless belligerence. In pursuit of this conviction we decided to trample caution, ignore the frowns of disapproving critics, and try to laugh a little.

PRATTONIA '51 is a lot of things it probably shouldn't be. It, also, isn't a lot of things it probably should be. This being or not being, however, is a circumstance of purposeful direction and not an accident. For instance, if you consult PRATTONIA '51 in search of some fact, you may find it, but chances are you won't. If you are looking for profound literature, this is not the source you should choose. In these and many other ways this book is a miserable failure. Who cares? Facts are the ware of *The World Almanac*, the Kinsey Report, and the Gallup poll. Profundity we leave to *The Readers' Digest*. Both have been meticulously omitted from this volume.

It is our considered opinion that a successful yearbook should be fun. It should be fun the day you first lay eyes on it. It should be fun many years hence as you reminisce fondly upon your academic days. It should still be fun when, even more years hence, you sit by the fireplace, shriveled and feeble, reading it to your grandchildren. It should provoke chuckles and evoke time-dimmed memories until its very cover crumbles from too much such provoking and evoking.

PRATTONIA '51 will then have served its purpose. And if it hasn't, we still don't intend to apologize.



To all the members of this Class of 1951, made up of future architects, art teachers, followers of the arts in many varying fields, home economists, librarians, leather tanners, and engineers, I extend my congratulations. I will say this to you on Commencement Day, with a deep feeling of friendship and a hand gradually swelling in size as I greet one of the Institute's largest classes, and one of its best. Your record has been good. Your friendly cooperation is greatly appreciated by all of us who work here for the advancement of the education of present and future students. We shall miss you.

May you read Prattonia one, five, ten, or more years hence with pleasant memories of friends and personal accomplishments here. It is a task in itself to graduate in these uncertain and disturbing times. "Where shall I be a year from now?" is uppermost in all minds, and it is no fun.

However, let's look to the future with courage and confidence.

Charles Pratt,

President



Mrs. Ruth G. Small
Manager, Pratt Veterans' Services

Mrs. Adeline Kiselewski (Kay)
Secretary, Veterans' Affairs, The Art School

Dedication

You may not have noticed but we are nearing the end of an era: the *era of the check*; the *age of red tape*; the *epoch of the G.I. Bill*. With so close a perspective, it would be presumptuous to try to evaluate the importance of this golden age in the history of the search for knowledge. It might even be naive, speaking broadly, to think that it has even been worth the countless tons of paper that have been used to record it—in quadruplicate. Nevertheless, it has been of unquestioned significance in the lives of over 8200 Pratt students since 1944 and so, to this “era of wonderful nonsense,” to those 8200 students, and, especially to the Pratt Veterans' Services department, *Prattonia '51* is respectfully dedicated.

Mrs. Small, Mrs. Kay and thirty-eight rehabilitation students, including the wounded, the malarial, and the mentally ill, pioneered the “early days” together. Many picturesque anecdotes might be told concerning the pandemonium of those trying times; there were a lot of laughs and a lot of tears. Suffice to say, “They were unique!” Then came P.L. 346 and the ever increasing influx of America's heroes; fresh from battle and eager to learn. Each was an individual and each a new problem. Each had books to be ordered, papers to be processed, supplies to be obtained, grades to be recorded; all this and the V.A., too. And on and on they came.

The class of 1951 is composed of nearly eighty percent veterans—an all time high. In subsequent classes there has been a rapid decline—only forty-seven GI's registered at Pratt in 1950; a mere thirteen percent of freshman enrollment. And so we say we are nearing the end of an era.

It was no sinecure that Mrs. Small and Mrs. Kay took on. To say that they didn't know what they were in for would be understatement personified. Had they known they would probably have thrown up their hands and run off to war themselves. The fact that they stayed and fought their own private little war; the fact that they survived the chaos and emerged intact is reason enough for this meager tribute. And the tribute is joyfully given.



PRATTONIA STAFF—

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The Art School



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The School of Home Economics



Robert C. Whitford, Dean
The Division of General Studies



Wayne Shirley, Dean
The Library School



THE STUDENT EXECUTIVE BOARD—

Last April, ye olde Institute suddenly contracted a strange malady. A poster rash broke out on every floor, accompanied by feverish and barbaric shouts and ravings, which threatened to dislocate several beams and cause permanent injury to a dozen or so loose bricks. When the temperature fell, the patient had a new outlook on student government; and physicians in attendance agreed that George had, indeed, done it.

Since then, President George Wiesner and his fellow conspirators Bob Christenson (Vice-President) and Barbara Matura (Secretary-Treasurer) have effectively governed Prattionians from the Brown House on Grand Avenue. Of what does this government consist, you ask? Perhaps a committee investigation will reveal some of its aspects.

The Activities Committee, headed by Bob Catanero, checks on the status—healthy, declining or defunct—of the various clubs and organizations at Pratt; and informs the S.E.B. of their problems and needs. Guided by Bert Fried, the Awards Committee attends to the discovery and commendation of those Seniors who have made outstanding contributions to the life of the Institute.

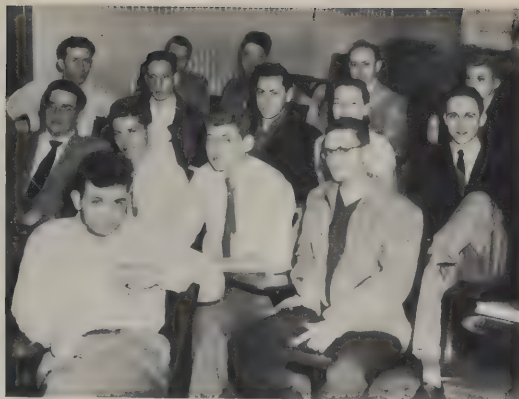
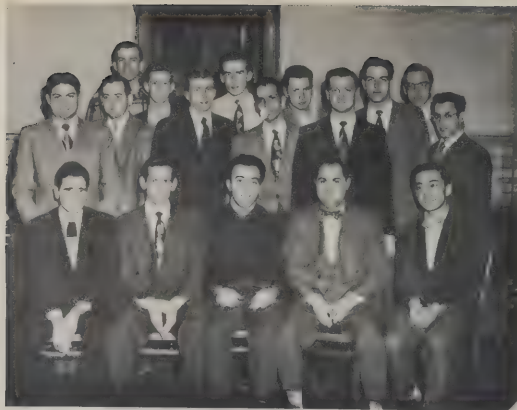
The Finance Committee, lead by Ray Lawson, battles the inflationary spiral and invents bright answers for that perpetual question, "Where does our money go?" Some of the latter turns up in health service; another sum often puts clubs back in the black; and still another portion is spent in replacing furnishings which daily use and student acrobatics have demolished in the lounge and Men's Club. The white-coated attendants in the lounge are also accounted for in this particular allotment. Contrary to rumor, they are neither psychiatric aides nor the result of coffee nerves.

Al Amato and his Publications Committee are in charge of the student voice, as heard in the *Prattler*, *Freshman Handbook*, *Prattonia*, and other printed matter of Institute-wide importance. The Recreational Facilities Committee, headed by John Swass, chases stray ping-pong balls, opens the doors of the Men's Club to the general public, and pushes unsuspecting students into the Pratt pool. Bob Anderson and the Social Committee provide the moving force behind such events as the Winter Festival, April Showers, the Hatchet Hop and assorted coffee clutches.

Although interior designers have not yet begun work on the lounge and the Men's Club and the Student Union is still part of a rather misty future, the ping-pong screen is a reality and so is a year of good government.







SENIOR CLASS COUNCIL—

Acting as a liaison between the Student Executive Board and the Senior Class was one of the major functions of the Council, which was composed of delegates from each departmental Senior class. Representatives from the S.E.B. attended Council meetings, and Council members could be found nodding with the rest at S.E.B. sessions. Council representatives return from the Board with well digested accounts of what had expired there, and sometimes conducted class voting on changes in the S.G.A. constitution.

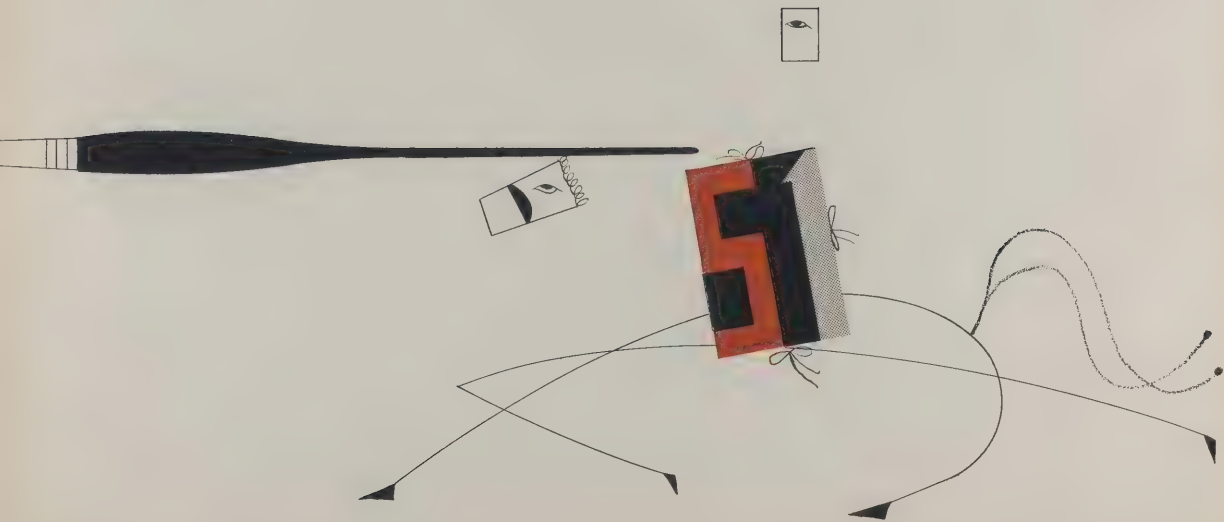
Planning the Senior Social Calendar consumed the balance of the Council's time. The atmosphere in the Men's Club would have lacked an essential element if the Class of '51 had not left its mark upon it; and this was easily accomplished under the influence of a certain effervescent spirit, which, thanks to the Council, permeated the air at the Winter Festival and April Showers.

As "chairwoman," Meadie Osborne lent a touch of Southern charm to Class Day, and chairman Charlie Lando's unique musical rating scale played an important part in the success of the Senior Prom, which was well publicized by John Handcock and company.

Following Commencement and Mr. Pratt's reception for Seniors, nothing remained but the presentation, by Irene Bodo and her committee, of the class gift, a year's leave of absence for each undergraduate.

the art school







Advertising

design





William L. Longyear
chairman



James Brooks



Charles H. Burger, Jr.



Walter Civardi



Marguerite Drewry



Herschel Levit



John C. Nichols



Eugen H. Petersen

Missed the elevator? A tragedy—he'll be late. But no! With the quick decision and grim determination peculiar to his species he leaps for the stairs and vanishes upwards; leaving in his wake a confusion of bent T-squares, Mondrian reproductions, and ruffled Home Economists.

The courageous adventurer who dares pursue this littered trail will find himself on the fifth floor, amongst a breathless, but intent, tribe which the world has come to call "Advertising Designer."

Pause a moment, inhale, and observe the potted greenery with leaves trailing lazily; the soft cushions; the shining crystal cases with their intriguing arrangements of merchandise. Note the exhibit dealing with reproductive process 103 (no, ma'am, this has nothing to do with biology!). Peaceful, is it not? Yet, within these confines, hours become minutes and minutes, seconds. Brains labor feverishly; hands strain at ties and starched white collars; production is at the—(ouch)—maximum.

Consider this strange paradox of art and industry—this "advertising designer." Listen: "Caslon Italic, Futura Medium? Girder! Ah-h-h—bouncing Playbill." What strange language is this? Note its undercurrent of tension; the texture of the sound.

On your way down to the fourth floor, watch for the inimitable abstract forms flooding the paper in room X. Bold blacks, reds, and yellows, plus delicate shadings of terra cotta. Sensational!

One side, please. Mr. Mercury coming in with the stats. Look at that—one magnified dust particle, one lettuce-leaf montage, three quintuple exposures, and twelve superimposed, reverse-positive negatives.

There is a Forum today? Go, by all means. In the dimly lit interior of Memorial Hall the taint outline of rich, gently swaying velvet drapes may be discerned. A virtuoso crouches over the dark mass of the piano—left, front. Offstage, an ethereal soprano pours out her dedication (particularly illustrative of the Baroque Period), "Lullaby and goodnight, thy red eyes close t-i-i-ght. Sleep, sleep, sleep."

What bliss to linger in this cultural atmosphere, but the lights are up. How like a dream have passed the hours. Gone, like a substance which never existed, is the audience. Load the portfolios, men; seal them with rubber cement and cover them tenderly with acetate. The field awaits.



Cornelia Smollin



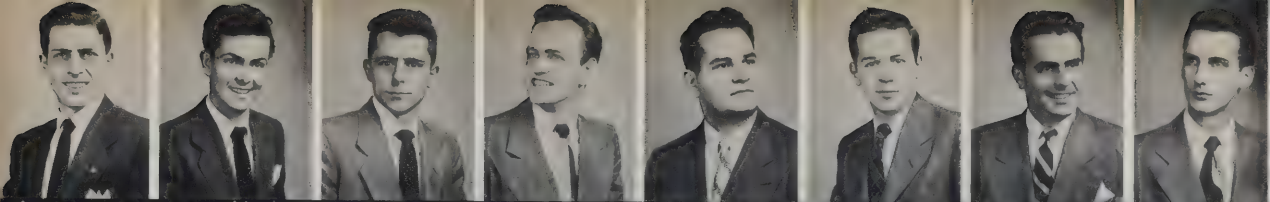
Walter Steinhilber

and

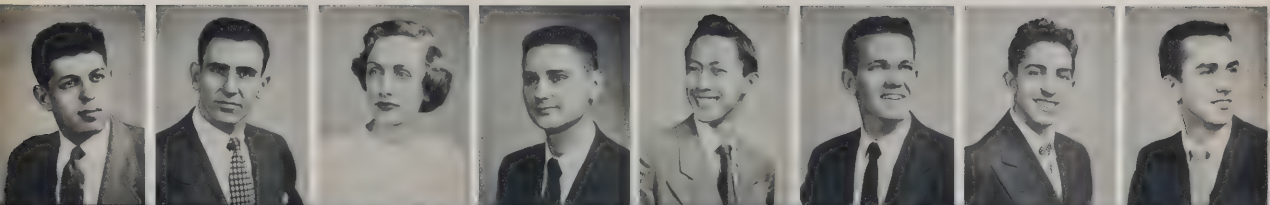
Blanche Berkoff

Mary Isabel Bosserman

William H. Kries

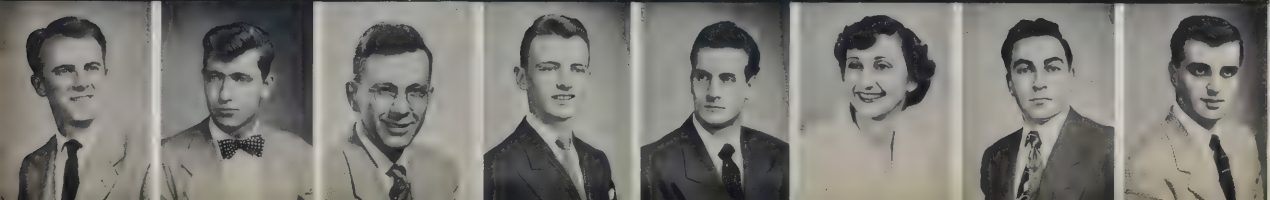


George Ahlman Paul Back Fred J. Baker John H. Bart Alvin Bekelman William Beyer [blank] [blank] Harry G. Bliss



David P. Deutch Jack M. DeWitt Gerald L. Dietrich Eugene Dobson Harry J. Eng Dudley English Pete Farrell Jeanfortin

Robert C. Johnson Don Kennedy Kristi Kasper Howard Kummer John L. Mowen Alice Lyman Martin D. Lipsch John L. Prince





Ernest Bontrom Eddas Brance Daniel Chew Walter H. Cohen Hanson Lipe John Culins John Dams Doris Darlington



Mark S. Fowler Paul J. Gallagher Marvyn Jeller Barbara Liding William A. Hall John Hancock John Haynsworth Leslie M. Johnson



Eunice Lung Ronald C. Napson Travis McPherson Kelly Miller Pete Mistrretta Martin Nathan John Oklesch Robert Rouse



Chas. Pittman

Wm. H. Piny

Anita Pissard

James J. Poff

John L. Pluckins

Jack Randall

Edith Watkins

Al Sandler



Sidney Sapp

Constance Schell

Allen E. Seide

John W. Shahan

Joseph A. Shuman

Robert H. Skates

Arthur Thompson

E. H. Tinsley Jr.

Alan W. Weber Jr.

Raymond Wambach

Bruce E. Weber

Glenn Williams

Robert M. Wood


Richard Youngman



and Edward Higgins

Gene Slaughter

Kenneth Wilmot



i n t e r i o r d e s i g n



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chairman



Janet M. Armstrong



William N. Goodridge



Ivan Rigby



Morris Zeitlin

and

Saul Edelbaum

Otto V. Hula

Emil Lowenstein

Clarissa Morgan

Jeanette Osborn

Eleanor Pepper

Carl Sigman

Read Weber

INTERIOR DESIGN—

Behind false fronts and other purely decorative architectural fixtures may be found the essence of the structure: that which keeps the ceiling from falling, the plaster on the walls, husbands at home and lamps in the window for prodigal sons. Some call it devastation or desecration. Here, in the fourth-floor alcove, it is commonly termed design.

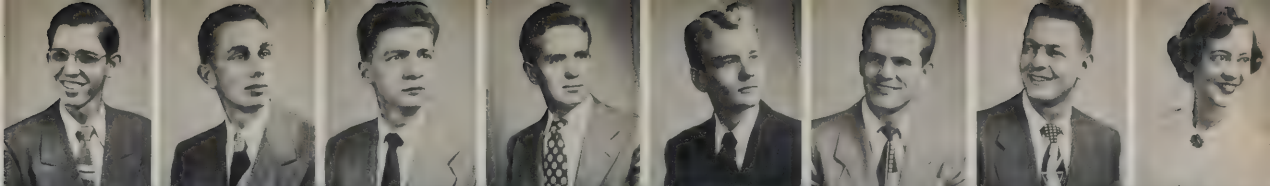
Before penetrating this inner recess of the Art School, send up a prayer or two, and contemplate the model home on your right. Note that the high-piled rugs and low-slung tables eliminate the need for chairs. The unusual lighting effects are achieved through the use of bottled glowworms, tastefully distributed within each room. In the scientific kitchen, self-watering plants are arranged at the windows, and an ingeniously conceived conveyor belt carries dishes from stove to table to sink to cupboard. Naturally, the latter can be run in reverse. For sleeping accommodations, back to the high-piled rugs. All windows are opaque from the inside and transparent from the outside, an arrangement which insures a maximum of privacy. Drapes are of invisible scrim, imported from Nowhere. Yes, u-m-m-h-m-m, you've seen enough, but don't neglect the peep show with its invaluable display of forms, angles and curves.

Just past the threshold of this temple of industry is "The Window," featuring Gregory Peck as a Renaissance lampost and Lana Turner as a lush piece of lace. Past the geyser in the middle of the floor, which illustrates a basic plumbing principle, the onlooker will see the future members of the *profession*, who inhabit the place, straining over their long, low desks. Because of the future value of the work produced here, these tables are affectionately called "breadboards." Each of them is equipped with the essential copy of "Interiors" in addition to numerous pens, T-squares, brushes and triangles. At least fifty-five percent of the class is majoring in lounge reconstruction. The others are cooperating on sketches for the various rooms in Mr. Blandings' dream house.

Ah, there they go. Into the future they march on spool and spindle, cabriolet and trumpet, still pondering that question of questions, "What is the difference between an ordinary post and an architectural column?"

Dorothy Leary Axtellmannian Wilbur H. Marsh Barbara Matara





William G. Barnes Stuart Bloch James W. Bond Thomas Bryant Philip A. Cady Peter Christy Terry Allen Mary Lucy Hildner



John Eltner [unclear] George W. Fries Carol Haigle Jeannette Nickel Teresa Jones Oliver Kattner Margaret E. Kline

Clare H. [unclear] Raymond [unclear] Marshall C. [unclear] Rafael S. Rodriguez Paul [unclear] Lawrence Wallace



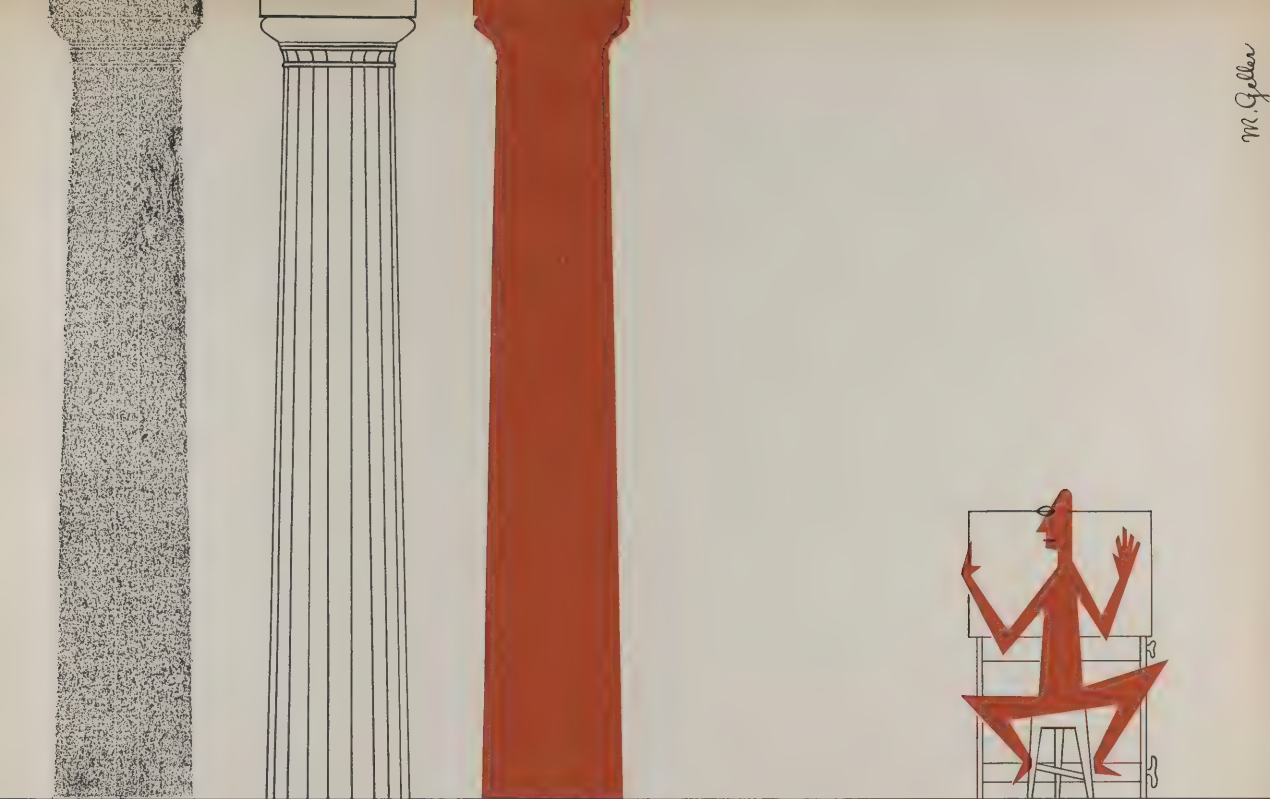
and
Fung Chan Fung

PHT

There is a segment of the Pratt population, not otherwise mentioned in these pages, who, all things being equal, should have individual pictures etched in gold-leaf on the front cover. It is they—the tireless, long-suffering and unsung members of the P.H.T. — whom we pause now, humbly and reverently, to salute.

These are the people behind the scenes; the motivating force behind many of our classmates; the wives and children whose sole purpose in life is “to get papa through Pratt” at the earliest possible moment. To record the bitter agony and frustration involved in achieving this end would take many paragraphs. Suffice to say that when, at last, the diplomas are distributed and the laurels are bestowed, none will be any more deserving of the rewards than the battered—but unbowed—stalwarts of the P.H.T.





architecture



Olindo Grossi
chairman



William N. Breger



Huson Jackson



Sidney Katz



William J. McGuinness



St. Elmo Tower Piza



Stanley Salzman

and

Raniero Corbelletti

Henry Eipel

William Eipel

H. Seymour Howard, Jr.

John Johansen

Robert Hays Rosenberg

Daniel Schwartzman

Numerous are the pretty words of history and legend that have been written about the cannon in Pratt Park. However, any architect knows that it is a memorial to those members of his department who stood solidly behind their tripods and tape in the midst of floods, howling blizzards and Brooklyn smog. Speaking of architects, four are now approaching. It will be noted that they travel in groups. One out of four is sure to have had some sleep and thus can sustain and guide the others. Let us follow these gentlemen to their third-floor habitat.

Here is the long corridor, bedecked with blueprints and model homes. Don't miss the three striking ten-minute sketches on your left. They represent a total of thirty hours work. Beside them hang a series of glowing watercolors, which were sketched on location during the winter term: Brooklyn Bridge, Spring, 1950; Brooklyn Bridge, Summer, 1950; and, of course, Brooklyn Bridge, Fall, 1950.

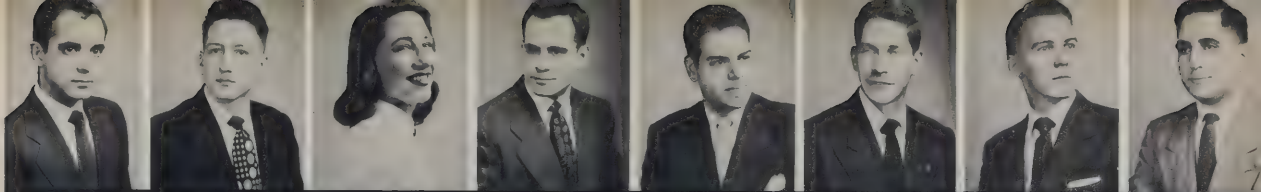
Since there is clear weather today, the field trip has been canceled and will be replaced by a lecture in Sleepy Hollow. Relax in the dark, quiet room and enjoy a visit to the Taj Mahal. Senior architects, after long years of training and proper diet, have developed luminous eyeballs. They are avidly taking notes and making sketches; freshmen are advised to wait until their carrot content has been raised. What are they whispering about back there, the election in class today? Yes, that's right. Willy Horn is in again!

Now that the lecture is over, it's time to actively concentrate on the elements of design. Back to the drawing board and the thesis: Premise: the class curve is the most distasteful aesthetic form. Conclusion: its use should be limited to subterranean structures off the coast of Mumbo Jumbo. Fill in the blanks between in 7,000 pages or more.

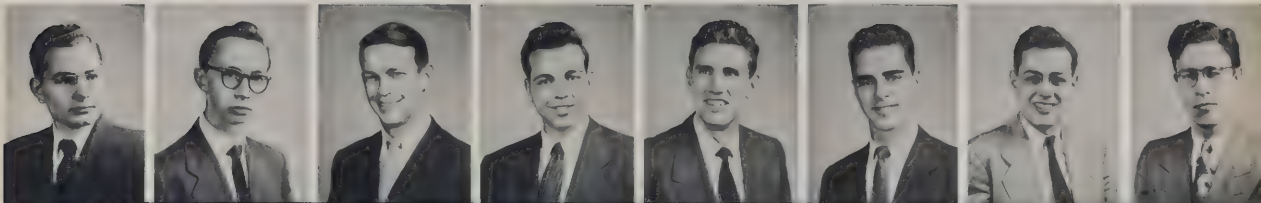
Ah, well, there is a period for every sentence. Stand aside, visitor, while the graduates are wheeled out. Soon they will board the Christopher Wren, rocket to Mars and continue their search for different, original and dynamic designs.

Leone Matileky Irving Mendelsohn Herbert Rader George J. Shaw Kenneth Schar Joseph H. Simon James A. Stein Edward Story





Biles Auroli Howard L. Brington Sue Kay Burton Paul Canin [unclear] [unclear] Jack Friedman Sven M. Helin [unclear] [unclear]



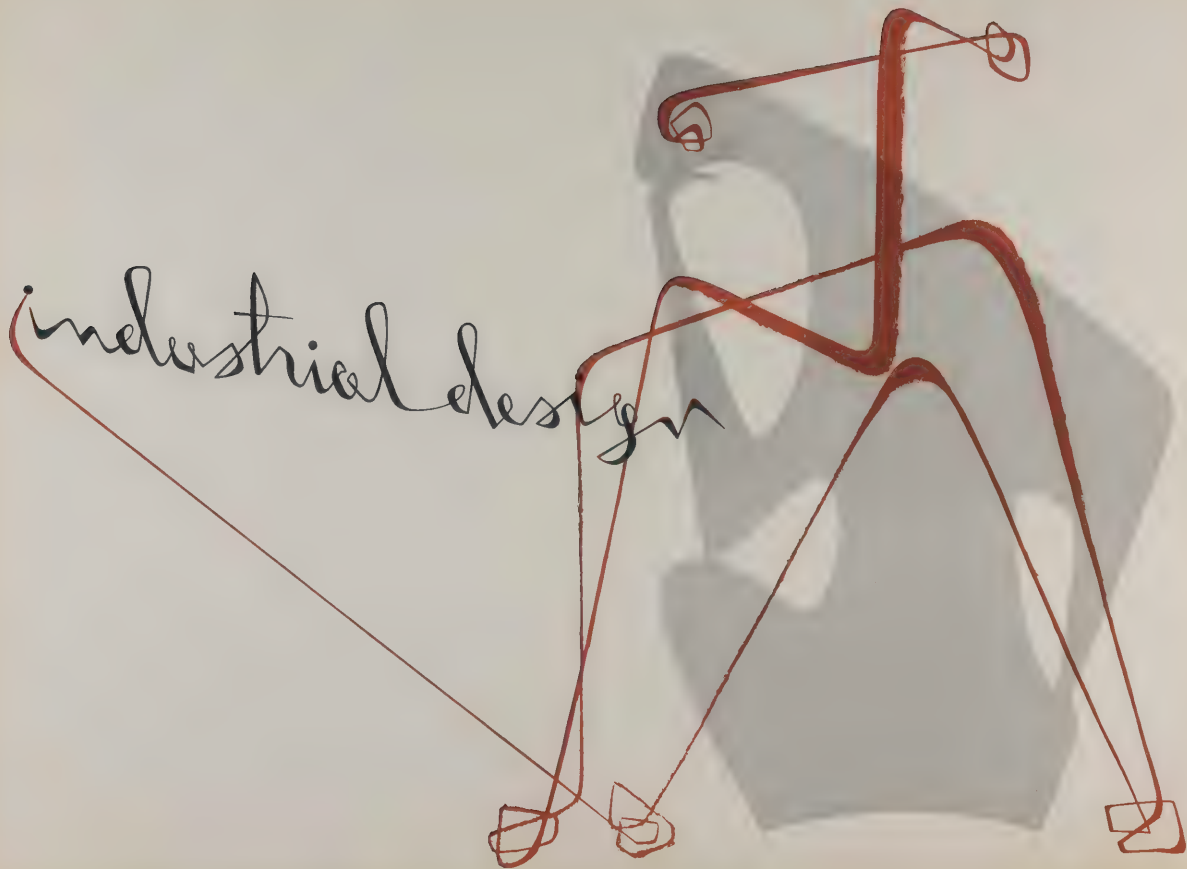
[unclear] Charles J. Boies George Anderson [unclear] Howard Johnson Edward Knobel Walter E. [unclear] John K. Manley

Edward L. Timmer Gordon R. Vance Matt Warschauer Robert W. Kelly Robert A. Skennan Charles F. White



and Cyril Loftus

industrial design





Alexander J. Kostellow
chairman



Frederick H. Ajootian



Victor J. Canzani



Robert Kolli



Rowena Reed



Ruth P. Taylor

and

William N. Breger

Walter Civardi

Otto V. Hula

Philip Lawson

Frederick R. Pleasants

Harold Simon

Eva Zeisel

INDUSTRIAL DESIGN

Honoured visitor, don a white sheet, girdle your waist with a tube of brass and dust your face with plaster. Next, grasp your head with your knees in a half Nelson. Even if you aren't mistaken for a convexity, you'll experience no difficulty in adjusting to the pattern of existence in the cast wing.

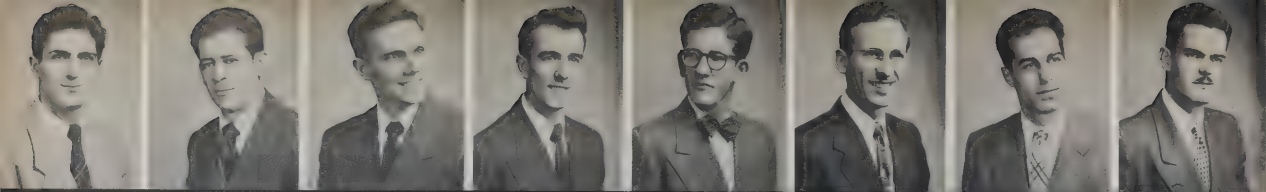
In the room to your left, a group of students are wallowing happily in plastilene. They may be described as having gone to pot. A., after doing considerable research in the lounge, has developed a striking ashtray based on the traditional coffee cup pattern. B., some four feet down within that large, asymmetrical structure, is working feverishly to complete his portable wading pool for flamingos. On the right, the lad in the leopard skin is trying to get a primitive feeling into his flatiron design. Let us leave these creatures to their glorified mudpies and move on.

Look out! He doesn't seem to know where he's going. Could be he's lost in space or just got a criticism on his concavity.

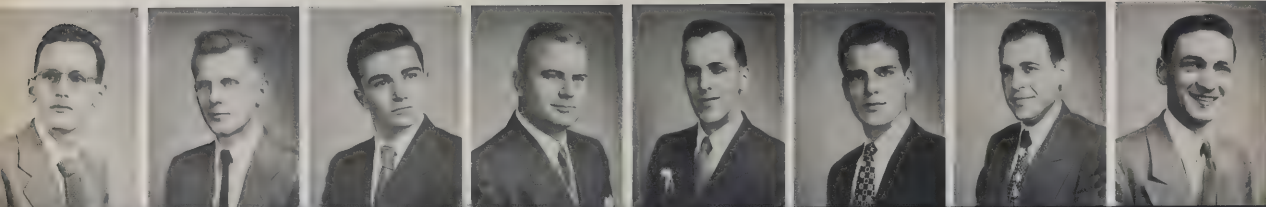
You are now on the Sawdust Trail. If you want to try out the spinning wheel, go to the end of the line, located at present on the corner of Grand and DeKalb. Sandwiches will be relayed from the cafeteria at noon. Note that all students using sanders and buffers are provided with butterfly nets to aid in the capture of runaway wood blocks.

No tour would be complete without a trip upstairs for a friendly chat with the kindly, soft-spoken old gentleman in charge of tools and materials. Sorry, he seems to be busy, at the moment, giving someone h— ah— advice.

It's approaching four o'clock, so you won't be able to meet Oosey the curly-headed airbrush or be introduced to the twenty-five students who have been locked in a closet since September, working on the re-conversion of 2,000 surplus garbage cans. As the hour strikes, each industrial designer clasps his "bible" to his heart, leaps aboard his flying mobile and glides away into the future.

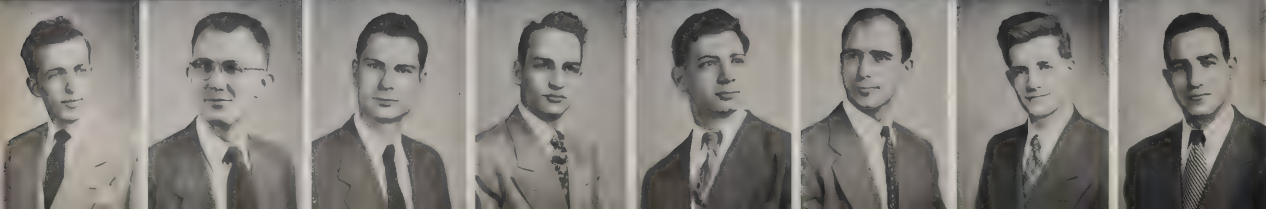


Joseph F. Gubner Leon Bunker Russell W. Brundage R. H. Brunner David F. Caspell Sam Chivley Earl Chubb Stafford D. Clark



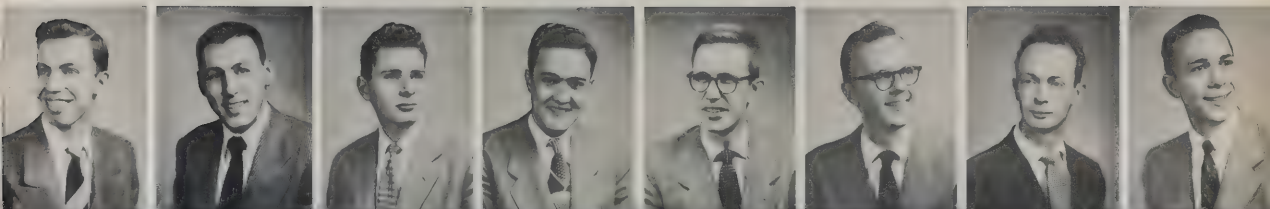
Clayton Crocker Jim E. Dewitt Hugh W. Dibble Charles E. Evans O. V. Finch James F. Fulton Jacob Goldstein Martin Golombek

Raymond Gross Ira W. Harris James L. Hinkle Donald H. Hines Arthur S. Hinkle Cary E. Joffe Roland Johnson Robert I. Kander





Albert Horona Walter F. Kraus Arthur Waggoner Charles F. Mingo Robert W. McKinley George Maynard Clayton J. Miller John C. Miller Jr.



Robert Moeller Edward Moore Jerry Offner Paul Papandick George Poreaud Robert J. Quinn James Zimler Donald J. Schuman

~~Donald J. Schuman~~ Harold R. Stange Robert C. Starnard James P. Stutz Mel St. Clair Frank A. Stephens Bernard Stohr Wilfred W. Foster





Burton G. Krueger



James Van Hane



Frederick Van Feghem



James Watt



George Wayland



Daniel Weinberg



H. Stephen Nells



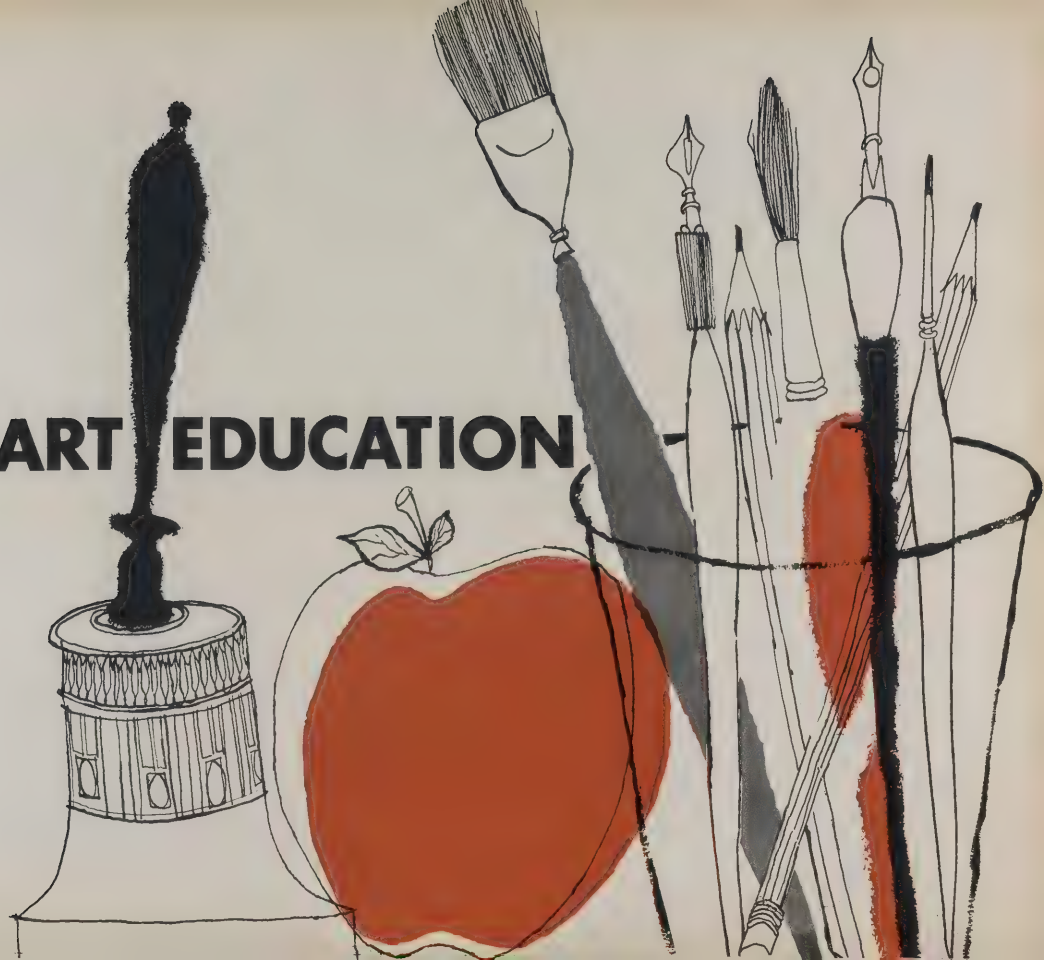
George W. Leaver

Don L. H. Hoff



and Roland Carter
Thomas Helms
William Layton
Alfred LeFebvre
Frank Moelich
George Stehl

ART EDUCATION





Vincent A. Roy
chairman



Charles M. Robertson

and

Victor Canzani
Walter Civardi

Paul Fjelde

Mac Harshberger

Erna Karolyi

Eugen H. Petersen

Enter these portals confidently, Kiddies, a few escape alive.

Shall we try this room first? Look out for that hole in the floor. Somebody dropped his notebook yesterday. Before you on the desk is a blank sheet of paper. To the right of the paper, a conté crayon. First, relax and close your eyes. Second, listen to the delicate harmonies of Beethoven and the African tomtom. Third, open your eyes, look directly at the screen and just follow the bouncing ball. After four years, provided motivation is at the maximum, you may still have a blank piece of paper. Every lesson *must* be completed.

Now, in this section, we find the retarded students. Not really moronic, you understand, but that situation can be remedied. The tools found most effective are scissors, paste, two hundred thousand old magazines and an equal quantity of blank lesson plans.

For contrast (please observe that there is a screen for every room and a room for every screen), let us investigate the prodigy division. By and large, it is the most fascinating and challenging. Here previous experience is of no importance. Students are encouraged to use the imaginative approach, for nothing is as creative as the uncluttered brain. Today's topic, the classic meeting of McGraw and Hill, is being given thorough coverage by the six-year-old lecturer at the front desk. He takes night courses at Columbia in adult psychology.

We really should visit the Craft Shop; watch out for flying volleyballs. What a marvelous display! What originality! What ingenuity! What craftsmanship! Now there's a ——— eh, what is it? Here's the Teacher's Friend, an original handbag with several secret compartments: one for aspirin, one for bicarbonate, another for iodine and band-aids, and a fourth for a special blend of arsenic and strychnine, which may be readily introduced into the water supply of any school.

Yes, it is time to go. Gather unto yourselves your briefcases and oil jugs, Bland for the P.T.A. and Soothing for the School Board. Keep your mind a blank and the rest will be elementary.



Nathan Ann Kanas George J. Peterson Robert T. Burgher

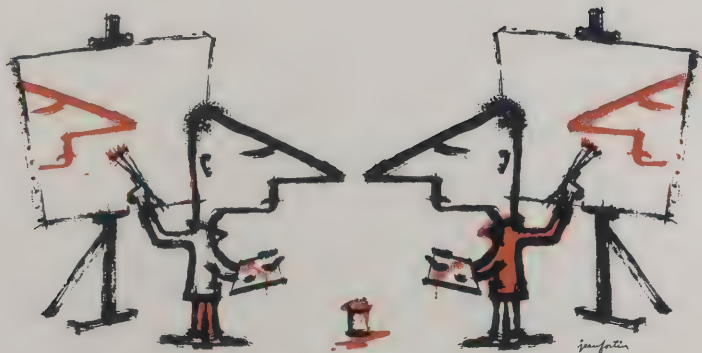


Kathleen Sullivan Bert Fried DAN LESSER Ronald M. Macht Paige Miale William C. Tottel Richard P. Pinner Barbara P. Powers

Elvira Robinson Robert A. Shipman Jean Stumpf Stephen J. Joffe Margaret E. Weiss Edmund J. Zyga



illustration





Khosrov Ajootian
chairman



Clarence A. Brodeur



Gustave Cimiotti



Mario Cooper



Mailand Graves



Mac Harshberger



Charles Mazoujian



Elizabeth Cole Tucker



James Vandenberg



Frederick J. Whiteman

and

Raymond Creekmore

Marguerite Drewry

Fritz Eichenberg

Karl Kup

Philip Lawson

Ervine Metz

The elevator wheezes to a halt; the passenger alights. Tenderly massaging his shin, he proceeds down the corridor, and eventually finds himself within what might be variously described as The House of Mirrors, The Little "Village," Daubers' Delight or The Asylum for Amalgamated Abstractionists. Here one dreams, struggles, and has the same damn nightmare he had the night before.

Decorating the main hall in this sanctum, one finds groups of mirrors: some sixteen by twenty; others seven by nine and five-eighths. All are arranged with exquisite taste; and reflect the world, the flesh and the devil in various moods of chaos. From the studios located on either side of the hall drift exclamations of delight, moans of agony, * * * ! ! — !, and sundry other sounds resulting from the process of expressing that inner creative urge, graphically. The delicate essence of turpentine permeates the atmosphere.

In certain studios, before their easels, the dedicated illustrators stand dreamily. Deftly they cover now the canvas, now the rears of their fellow students; their smoldering eyes transixed by the fragile beauty of their models, obliging members of United Truckdrivers. The more scholarly members of the department remain sunken in their investigations of the spinal column and the "glorious maximus." At break time, the illustrators strengthen their perceptive powers by means of excursions to the roof for a foreshortened view of Brooklyn or visits to the lounge, with its magnificent opportunities for character sketching.

Senior illustrators may be recognized by their color-full jeans, bulging portfolios, and extensive literary collections. Among the latter are included *The Parker Primer*, *Ajootian's Anecdotes*, the *Fawcett Folio* and *An Anthology of Whiteman Whimsey*. These students have a determined manner; and are well prepared to heed the Voices from the Outside, who offer practical advice distilled from years of experience: "Forget all you've learned, kids. Success can be yours. What's a broken head?"



Robert Abrams Ernest K. Barth Norman A. Bee John O. Billie Walter J. Brummett Ernest H. Brown Patricia Dickson (argill) Ralph Costello



John Lewis Edwards John D. Clarke Rex Connors John Butcherfield Lecharon Chitty David A. Nippel Eugene D. Asala Barbara D. Purnell



Joseph Foster John Callaghan Salvatore Zappia Vin Giarasi Andy Hunt Herbert Gould Roger B. Gould Victor Grubis



Carol Hunsan Ann Holbrook Donald Higgins Bernard Hoffman Barbara Lelton James O. Johnson George V. Melvin Jean Kaugon



Dexter H. Knox Peter C. Lettine Agnes Odette Heidi Ogawa Carolyn Oliver Edwin Pakula Dorothy Papay Mark E. Pike

Vinton Price Joseph W. Lipsky John E. Rapp Alfred R. Rossi Sanford Roth Frank Ruse Edward C. Santogrod William Steider





and Sam Amato
Joseph Harris
George Isaacson
Marian Lipp

Paul Stone Harold Stierfeldt
Ralph F. Field Kenneth Webster
Bruce Deaneaston Clifton Wheeler

Textile Design



Art. Thompson



William E. Probert
chairman



William V. Gorham



Margaret L. Joubert



Penny Isabelle



Patricia W. Hain

TEXTILE DESIGN—

All paths lead to The Room, third floor, back. In one corner, by the door, five or six illustrators are supposedly sketching. A group of architects near them are busily engaged in surveying curves. Several Foundation students who went berserk over their last Three D problem are being exercised in the hall by their instructor. Just inside the door, a strong-armed man, holding a gigantic broom, stands ready for the bolder males who venture over the threshold. No need to be frightened, however. Just toss him a box of yummy color and you're in.

Those students one encounters first are probably Seniors. After three years, they have earned the privilege of a quick getaway at break time. Their voices have the musical quality typical of the trained harmonizer, all have Senior Marksmen's Medals in water jar hurling; and each and every one is qualified to teach the Charleston. Over there by the wall? O-o-o-h! he started to make a Persian print three, six—several years ago and—

To the right, the Bi-Monthly Exhibition Quartet is at work. The fellow with the magnifying glass is carefully examining a wallpaper design, that girl standing on her head wanted to clarify her perspective on a gift wrapping, and her partner, at the far end of the room, is testing the carrying power of a tie print—visibility one hundred yards. Don't bother the other boy. His mouth is full of tacks.

What is this? An entire row of empty seats? Nothing to be alarmed about. The missing students are within the hallowed walls of the library, joyfully abandoning themselves to the study of historical ornament. Whatever Cleo used on Tony should be perfectly stunning for the new "invisible" chiffons.

It would be most enlightening to observe the nature structure class, but, unfortunately, they are engaged in climbing trees in Pratt Park. Here, however, are some examples of their work. Just push that seed catalogue to one side. M-m-m-m! Don't those colors sing?

Oh, oh! Look at that clock. Time to be off. There they go, a flash of brightly-colored smocks and a forest of raised arms, each brandishing an orange tube. For others a smile or a song, but only a rose for you.

W. J. Adams

McKibben

Melvin Stokely

Steve Warner

Betty Stucky

Penny Wood



and John Freeman









Tod G. Dixon
chairman



George B. Diamond



Ralph H. McCormack



Frederick C. Disque, Jr.
chairman



Daniel S. Dixler



John J. McClarnon



Howard Nechamkin



Edna May Turner



Demetrius Zelios



Charles B. Jones



Alfred W. Doll
chairman



Donald S. Duncan



Robert E. Lake



Emerson P. Lambe



Charles E. Toole



William H. H. Knowles
chairman

Richard J. Kohlmeier



James E. Thompson



Clifford C. Carr
chairman



Robert W. Diechert



John T. Gundlach



Maurice L. Hashmall



Robert B. Morgan



David Vitrogon





Matthijs G. J. Boissevain



David P. Flitner



Andrew W. Lin



Kenneth E. Quier



H. Russell Beatty
chairman



Edward DeLuca



Otis Benedict, Jr.
chairman



Ludwig Anselmini



Frank S. Beckman



George C. Helme

and

Richard F. Schaeffer

Thomas J. Thomas

Alexander W. Luce, chairman

Henry N. Baxter

Fernley L. Fuller

Leonard Miaskoff

James R. Randolph

Joseph B. Aidala

CHEMICAL ENGINEERING—

Calm yourself, visitor, the individual who grabbed your place in line, did you out of the couch in the lounge with a running broad jump, and took out the seven books you wanted to read in the library, is merely an improperly balanced arrangement of molecules from the Ch. E. department. His eagerness, not his etiquette, is typical of the zest with which he and his fellow students approach all activities.

Although the lab in the left wing of the Engineering building is their natural habitat, these engineers range throughout the Institute and are particularly fond of trying out inspection methods in the cafeteria and PI Shop. Here they busy themselves painting skulls and crossbones on cups of coffee, plates of fried eggs and bowls of soup. "Johnnie's" is an invaluable source of data on distillation.

Let us return to the classrooms, however. In room Z, the student is "introduced" to literature during his first, second, third and fourth years. Quite a handshaking ceremony, but it enables him to quote formulae in Spenserian stanzas and write reports and correspondence in blank verse.

In the basement, one encounters what is commonly termed "pretty dirty water." The plant design here is quite distinktive. Lines of tastefully arranged bottles and asheans are interspersed with frivolous loops and turns of orange and blue piping. Square D equipment lends a feeling of solidity to the atmosphere, and the diapers flapping on Mrs. Murphy's line outside the side windows are a reminder of the more practical aspects of chemistry.

At the right, a student who was fascinated with air purification is bottling Essence of Rockwood's. An ounce will be mailed to each Senior as a graduation gift.

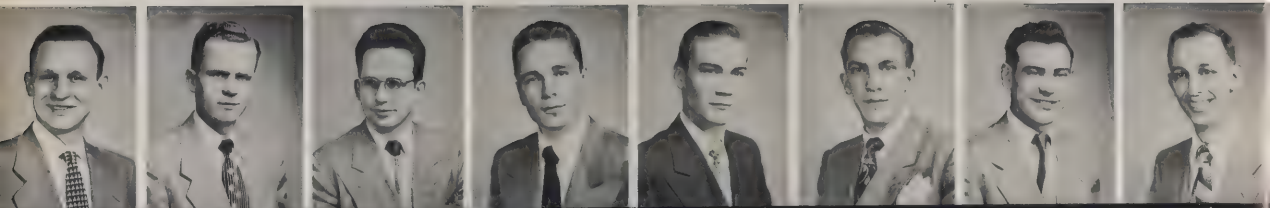
A group of solemn upperclassmen are passing now. Having shot through their courses with unlimited enthusiasm, they are prepared to rear future citizens and restore order in the world with the Perry "Bible."



Chemical Engineering



Robert C. Anderson Norman Baron James R. Brown R. De Biasi Peter M. Gassler Charles R. Hecox Richard H. Henson Neil E. Johnson



Francis J. Laskin John L. McQuinn Martin J. Margolin C. G. Mikity Robert F. Parker Herbert A. Rabenhauer Heller Seligman Anthony C. Semerino

John M. Stahl Donald Tracy Vincent D'Agostino James M. Winkler Hugh Wilkins Michael Zyzanski



and Alfred Seaquist



J. Kabanoff George H. Kappala Edward Zyzanski Stanley D. Kurpiet Charles F. Lando Frank Zucko



ELECTRICAL ENGINEERING



ELECTRICAL ENGINEERING

After "whooping the ball around" in the gym, could anything be more refreshing than a whiff of ozone? Yes. Wading in the condenser room (please bring your own socks). Naturally, such delights are available only within that stately edifice deep in the Sycamore Forest. Approach the iron fence, purely decorative, of course, and enter the one-way gate. The yellow building thus enclosed is an institution (of learning), but have no fear; Classroom procedure is simple: 1. Lock the door. 2. Pull the shades. 3. Turn off the lights. Ophelia may be all wet, but the time is ripe for beginning the summer "research." No. Wait a moment. There, in the corner, beneath a mellow, overturned keg, is a strange being. He shakes his head and mumbles. One hand caresses a terminal; the other carelessly tosses pennies into an assortment of fuses. Be still, and hearken to this voice singing in the wilderness. Though alone, he speaks for many:

So board a vector and turn on the juice. With pretzels, chips, and high-power-factored hot dogs, we'll resonate and oscillate till Boston be thy name. Why, I've an orchid

for everyone, especially one for **you** . . . get out of bed, Bob, the party is in room 809 . . . take a look at that washing machine, Joe . . . has anyone seen Westie's books? D.K. for Sno-Queen! Professor, does K_1 really equal j479360064? But, even as the evil, the good passed.

Now, hear this! Of all the things that one would care to fathom, we were never deep in anything but beer.

Now the fundamental constituent of all matter is love, as any fool can see . . . and weird noises emanated from the laboratory because . . . antennae and transmission lines were up in the air, for these things are all over our heads . . . so, what's the story, boys, got no data? Then we applied the Law of Circuitation about some Waves, and did we get the job done! . . . verily, I say unto you, integration backwards is differentiation . . . will somebody wake Wimpy up?

And few were they that were pushed past the tree of knowledge. As the years come and go, we will continue our search for that "little black box," and, for some, in vain.

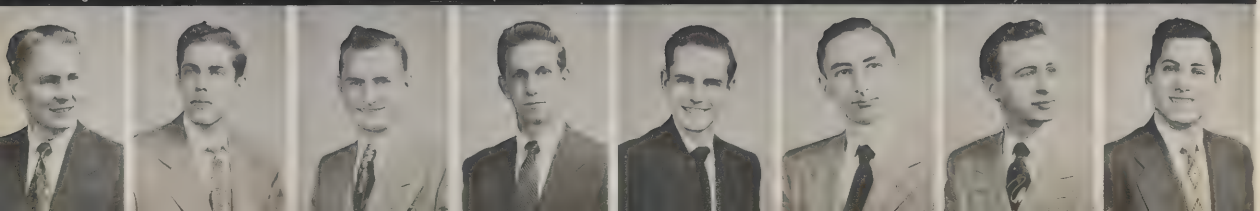


Leonard C. Anderson *Paul H. Hiesche* *Peter Carman* *Robert Bowler* *Wilfred H. Caswood* *Albert E. Cole* *Peter A. Elarjo* *Richard T. Ehardt*



Robert J. Hearn *James E. Hefzler* *Fred J. Hieser* *Samuel T. Hohn* *Bernard G. Kozloff* *Harry Kozicki* *Raymond Koser* *Ralph Lohm*

Richard C. Leger *Raymond E. Linder* *Rudolph Linderwolf* *Edward Lohm* *Russell Lohm* *Jerome C. Leach* *Herbert J. Miller* *Samuel L. Linder*





Sidney Feldman Joseph Fleming Kurt M. Frandel Peter A. Ginge Haig Goshgarian Ralph Green Henry H. Hammerstein Charles Haupt

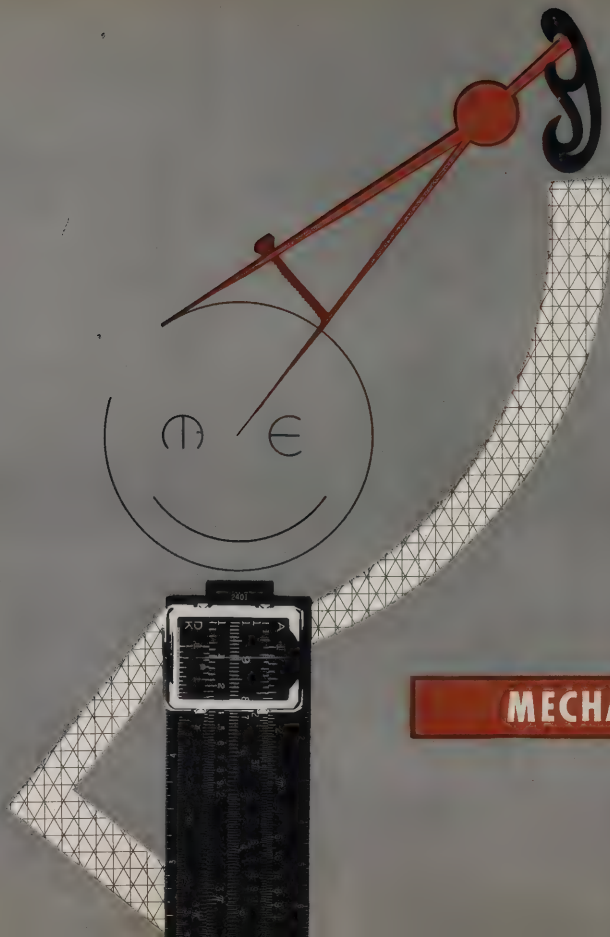


Michael Lombardi C. A. Marmorek Arnold Martin Angelo Mayano Bernard Maye Philip Mearns Donald J. Rich Abdon Rubio

John Tane Vinton Vartanian Lawrence Volkoff Manfred Witherin R. Winkler George Zay



and Gerould Bressner
Edward Earnshaw
John Kohnken
Paul Kratsch



MECHANICAL ENGINEERING

jack de Wit

MECHANICAL ENGINEERING—

Huddled against a shadowy wall of the lounge are the Observers, each equipped with a vest-pocket slide rule and pledged forever to the American Optical Company. In the center of their table, which is bearing up quite well under the weight of accumulated elbows, a copy of the "Keenan Report" nestles against a popular machine design "magazine." But let us return to the assembled animal matter.

The gentleman behind the tower of coffee cups is seeking the solution to: ten cars times four wheels equals how many flats on how many buses on which highway in New Jersey? His buddy, whose roving eye has come to rest on a cantilever beam, is reviewing the democratic procedure which resulted in the decision to visit Link Belt. Lost in a nicotine haze, a third individual has decided to redesign buses to accommodate bigger and better battles and to improve the decorations which the aerials of a certain car received on the Pulaski Skyway.

What's causing that blissful smile on the face of the person beside him? Can it be the memory of the activities which skyrocketed Philadelphia liquor consumption during an infamous three-day period? (How mother loved the note from the "Great White Father.")

The next chair has been hurriedly vacated. Its former occupant is on his way to Mother Nick's Greek Hashhouse.

A light has appeared in the eyes of this sixth coffee clutcher. He has just figured out what happens to the work time sheets after ten o'clock on Monday morning.

The seventh member of this company is laboring over an identification problem: What are the following: the two outstanding items on the R.C.A. inspection trip, the Glove Terror, Black Mike, Goldie, Hominy-grits, Mumbles, Peter Lorre, Crazy Mary, General Savage, Barney, Hugo, Mother Nick, Little Caesar, and the Spark Plug.

It seems the wanderer has returned from Mother Nick's to round up the rest for class, and they are off for Sycamore Park. After acquiring sufficient data with which to confuse the general public, they will confidently leave this spot, all humming the fourth chorus of "Ring-dang-doo."



Al Amato

Martin Baden

Ralph A. Benson

Robert A. Best

Ray F. Blum

Robert A. Boudry

Ray O. Bohner

Joseph Bujala





Charles W. Bull Vincent P. Brockenhead Martin H. Christensen Lawrence Chunga Harry O. Cordes William H. Cozzone Ralph J. Degroot Howard Dobias



Edward A. Jacoby Robert W. Kuebler Fred A. Kienzig Daniel Litt George A. Maggall Vincent Morgan Edward Nelson Maxwell C. Hamaker

Russell P. Penhagast James P. Pujala Joseph Schatz Harold J. Shaver Albert B. Stahl Gordon Stein Kenneth O. Stout George R. Tobias





Frank J. Kallitjes

Russell S. Fredrickson

John Lambdale

Vincent Sventil

George M. Kischler

John Grubb

Russell W. Hunter

Robert B. Harrison



Fay B. Norton

George W. Pangelov Jr.

Bill Fanny

Harry E. Parker

Robert W. Paul

Daniel R. Peterson

Homer C. Potorides

Edward H. Payne

John Fuesler

Henry D. Treille

Richard L. Brock

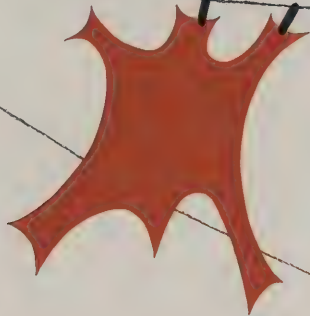
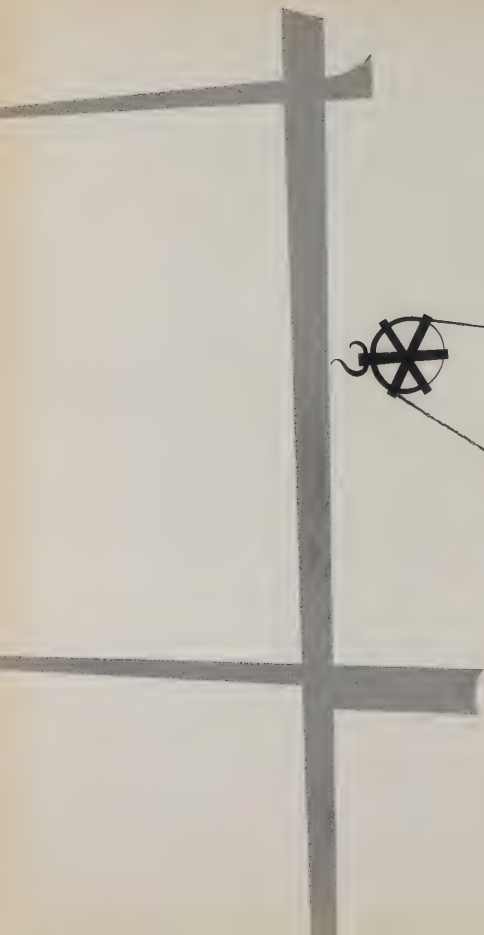
Robert W. Waaga

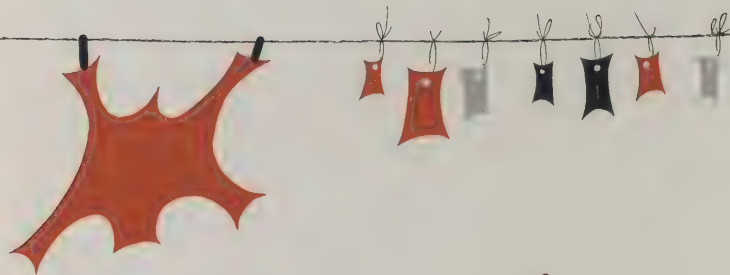
John C. Zachowitz

Edward R. Ziska



and Herbert Garner
Rolf Roynsdal





leather and tanning school



Arthur W. Goetz
chairman



G. Arthur Brown

TANNING—

An ancient truck grunts down Waverly Avenue. Clutching a harpoon, a nervous little man perched on the freight is attempting to maintain order in the midst of flapping alligator tails, rambunctious ramskins and colliding cowhides. No sooner does the truck stop by a certain building than a yelling, apron-clad horde bursts from its doors, grabs armfuls of hides and roars back inside with them. A cloud of dust settling gently into the gutter is all that remains of the truck; and as for its driver and the little man, they may be identified as the two black specks headed upward in the general direction of the moon. Will a person survive if he enters this building, or reappear as a pair of shoes in the Easter parade? He can, in desperation, purchase his life with a barrel of beer!

Inside, the first thing that attracts one's attention is the group of strong-jawed tanners at work on a pile of rawhide. Long ago they dispensed with gum chewing in favor of this more satisfying entertainment. Now and then they dip the hide in nearby tubs and let the enzymes take over. The entire process is called "softening."

Pass this classroom quietly, for an exam is in process. The fellow in the dark glasses is suffering from eyestrain. It seems his buddy failed to show up with the answers.

Straight ahead is the unique dunking machine, which, in the midst of a chaotic world, specializes in the creation of soles. Senior tanners are considering the installation of a similar device in the lounge as their parting gift to tired doughnut lovers.

Now, if you can get by the bunsen burner fountains used in the "soaking" process, you will be in time to watch the departure of the delegation to the Peerless. They are attending an illustrated lecture entitled "She Done Me Wrong So I'll Tan Her Hide."

On your right, a student holding a can of blue paint and an eighteen inch brush is contentedly coloring his leather. Since it is almost closing time, let us forego a visit to the machine which converts mothers-in-law into antique leather bags, and climb onto one of the rafters. There one can safely watch the exit, preceded by a thundering eraser volley of the stalwart tanners.





Donald H. Allen



Tom R. Allen



Milton Bailey



Donald E. Baker



Hal Brinkman



John P. Brinkman



Robert C. Brown



Kenneth R. Carver



Elmer G. Glinka



D. C. Harrison



John H. Jordan



Edward J. Judd



Fred Kling



Mike Lindsay



John A. Howell



Charles H. Hanson

Harold E. Hylleberg

Arthur W. Mohr

Harold E. Hylleberg

Harry E. Hansen

Leif R. Riepe

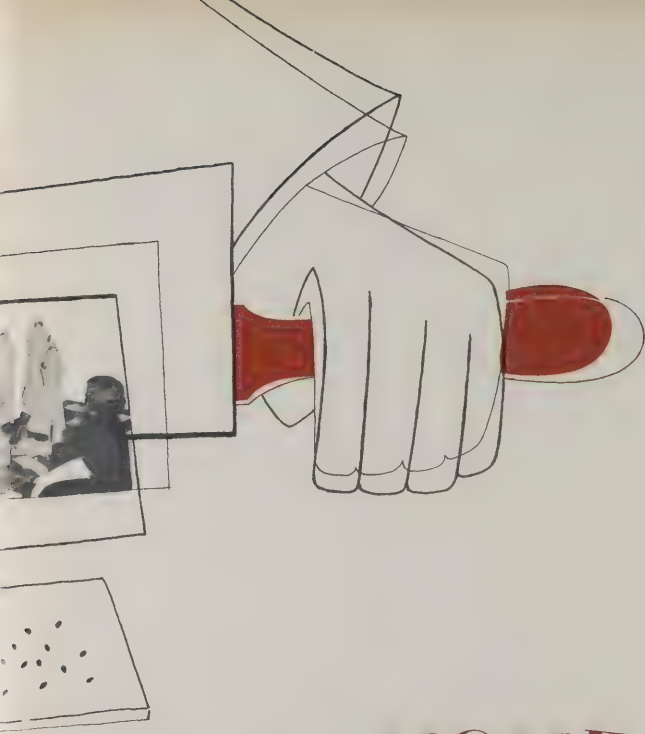
William A. Sprague

Walter T. Torgerson

Walter T. Torgerson







HOME ECONOMICS



Ruth F. Adams



Elizabeth Bachellor



Alex Bodea



Beatrice Coney



Laureta Halderman



E. Grace Hanks



Viola Isaacs



Lois Long

Georgia Oldham

Marie Schimmel

Jeanette Skelton

Barbara White

and

William Brandt

Louise Brennan

Bernadine Custer

Henrietta Harman

Mary Virginia Howse

Rachael Jochimson

Esther Langlois

Helen Mann

Ruth Muroff

Neva Radell

Elsie Schiffner

Janet M. Schusky

Enid Spidel

Geraldine Sydney-Smith

Francis Telsey

Elizabeth Cole Tucker

Stella Williams

Louise Zick



HOME ECONOMICS

There are the golden-brown doors, reminiscent of the color of well-done biscuits and as delicately textured as those responsible for the sudden disappearance of a flock of pigeons from Pratt Park. Turn one knob or the other, enter, and consult the pocket-size Fanny Farmer for directions. If doubtful, carefully unroll a spool of thread along the way, and you are bound to come out somewhere, boiled, fried, stewed or pickled.

What gentle sound is that? Ah, yes, the tinkle of test tubes and the murmur of bacteria contentedly munching on their agar-agar—all except the shy little amoeba suffering from dyspepsia. That slightly green individual under the table is digging up new specimens of mould.

While off on this scientific tangent, jot down, in the margins of your Kinsey Report, the P.H. of a bottle of vinegar, a list of registered stills and the specific gravity of a can of peaches. Remember, also, in dealing with a child, nothing can replace psychology. Open his jaws firmly, insert a funnel and empty therein a bottle of orange juice, a can of spinach and a quart of milk. If he fights back, he may grow up to be President.

Proceed now to the sixth-floor kitchens. In one of them, a girl in hairnet and apron is hovering over a simmering stew. From time to time, she fans her steaming brow with a pocket edition of Dante (hell, pure hell). Behind her, a fellow student is absorbed in decorating a potholder with a multicolored pattern of sugar roses. He is suddenly interrupted by an emergency call from the cafeteria. Volunteers are needed to dispose of a muffin surplus in Quantity Foods.

After the brave souls have rushed out—all two of them—it is safe to move on to the Housing section. Here, one student is designing a closet for the family skeleton, another is learning how to stuff a mattress with dollar bills, and a third is refinishing her antique chest.

At this point the stairs have probably gotten you, but save that last ounce of strength for pushing through the barricade of pots, pans and Jiffy looms. Beyond is daylight. Cookery! Economy! Costumery!

Peggy Agans Joan R. Antkowiak Gilda Bendhaack Edna P. Dallaguer





Marian Biele Joseph Puzall Joan Kilman Adele Kottick Sally P. Hahn Boris Hill Anne Thompson Marie Taylor



Mable Shale Camille Olson Naomi Roth Reineke Russell Lucille Delberg Shirley A. Robinson Amy J. Kilman Margaret Shub

Marilyn Spiegelman Rae May Hagan Marjorie Weasman Edith Waller



and Lenora Fishman
Sister M. Martha Michaela
Sister Mary Dominic
Mary McCall
Norma McCord
Helen Trent

COSTUME DESIGN

It is raining on Ryerson Street. The usual kind of storm, a second Flood with a cyclone behind it. If the observer peers intently through the economy-size raindrops and the fountains of mud arising from the wheels of passing cars, he will discern an approaching procession of strange, silent figures. Within this cavalcade is an infinite variety of fantastic apparel, yet each of its members has the same general appearance.

Suspended from the right wrist is a large, round box, either purely functional or imaginatively ornamented with a profusion of dangling threads in several colors and bands of sparkling pins. Beneath the right arm is a roll of thin white paper, which is rapidly becoming longer and longer and longer—whoops! black paper. On the gracefully bent back is a mountain of muslin (get so horribly tired of going to Ben's every day for five yards). Crowded to the left side of the body, and acting as a balance for the load on the right, are found the famous Mammouth Manila envelope (the "only" paper sleeping bag), a freshly pressed dress engaged in a losing battle with the elements, a sleeve board, and a dummy (that's right, the one that isn't breathing).

Bringing up the rear of the parade is a friendly elephant named Allah Mode. It has been trained to transport the bales of portfolios, *Vogues*, *Harpers* and fur and leather notebooks, for lack of which the dripping crowd would perish. Allah's trunk is extremely useful in locating nickels at the bottom of handbags when thread and size nine needles must be purchased, and as many as five spring hats may be constructed on his head at once.

Gradually the throng files into the brown stone building and disperses in the maze of corridors. For a moment there is silence, then the patter of running feet. A wild-eyed damsel has lost a button and is on her way to the Art School for a needle and thread, which may be found in the bottom of almost any cup of coffee. She whizzes past a group of innocents laboring feverishly amid yards of silk, tulle and assorted froufrou. Completion of problem XYZ is synchronized with the opening of April Showers, but, alas, these creations are destined for exhibition and will be returned for use in 1952.

Ah, well, weep not, little ones. Back to nature; on to The Field. The form one has may be frightful, but what is the difference if it walks well? All anybody needs is a good foundation and she is sure to fit anywhere, allowing, of course, four inches to sit down in.





Norma Deane Williams Mary Anderson Nancy Ann Austin John Baker Edward B. Beebe Joan Bennett Peggy Deane Mary Burghy



MARIE M. CALISE Patricia Carter Myriam R. Phillips Marie Fancher Charlotte Felt Helma Finsen Josephine G. Grogan Dolores Glavin

Sandra Harris Kay Hansen Valerie J. Hays Fred Victor Betty McDaniel Joe Mann Shirley Miles Gene A. Minter





Therese Paulsen Marie Perry Charlotte Becklund Jeannette Salvendy Mary Jo Sklar Barbara Smith Frank Aquilino Barbara Stenlund

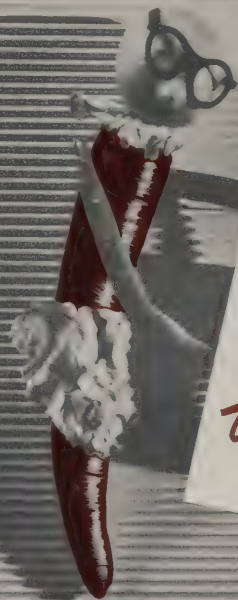


Berlyn Stenlund Barbara Stenlund Ellen Lohrblanche Bernadine Kellogg Janet Lister Lee Weber Anne Wells Elsie Hargreaves

Deloise Villander Reginald Jakobson Betty Joyce Bertha Jakobson Lane Jensen



and Elizabeth Jennings
 Joan Landow



Food management



Thomas Atkinson Mark A. Brown Julius P. Canale Peter J. Lauer Fred F. Ritzel Beverly Edelmann Eunice Graham Miss Grace Garrison



Karen G. Hara Lois Henry E. Barbara Hunter James Pauline Johnson Rich Katt Herman H. Krueger Elia Maypool Edward Michalski

Norman C. Perkins Emory R. Ransom Ida Wallace



and Ernest Wingate

FOOD MANAGEMENT —

Located in the heart of underground Pratt is the distinctively decorated Vermilion Grotto, known to hundreds beneath the sod as the cafeteria. Here, seated at a banquet table, are a group of robust students, chuckling merrily over their meal (he who laughs last laughs best). Beside each plate is a bottle of Yogurt, crawling with goodness, and an automatic calory counter. The dinner is composed of such a wide variety of "unusual foods," from first gulp to final belch, that it would be foolhardy to attempt to enumerate them. After drinking a last toast in fermented Blackstrap, the diners rise, file past the cashier to collect their wages and pass on to their classes. All has been managed very well.

Upstairs, the more delicate members of the dinner party enter the nutrition class. Through diligent study, they learn how to extract the maximum nourishment from bread and water, the proper method of boiling an old boot to retain its vitamin content, and the most tempting way to serve toadstools to rich Aunt Minnie.

In the next classroom, a group of students are collaborating on a kitchen layout. They have succeeded in placing the garbage disposal unit, a goodnatured sow that loves children; but the automatic dishwasher, a graduate in food management, is presenting quite a problem.

That shout in the hall indicates the arrival of the members of the last field trip with this month's provisions in samples. Let us push through the maze of grabbing hands and look in on the psych class.

Two students are demonstrating the importance of cooperation among fellow workers. The frothing individual could represent no one but a head chef, and another student, portraying an assistant cook, is stealthily approaching him from behind with a frying pan.

Judging from the moans emanating from cost accounting it is unsafe to enter that class, and, anyway, the day is about over. The "managers" begin to file out, white-coated male and striped female. Having lost their appetites forever, they will experience little difficulty in facing the rising cost of food.



An illustration on a solid red background. Three stylized, white-outlined figures are walking from left to right, each holding a stack of books. The figure on the left is a man in a suit. The figure in the middle is a woman in a dress and necklace. The figure on the right is a man in a shirt with a large letter 'H' on it. Behind them are three vertical columns of books. The left and right columns consist of solid-colored spines (white, grey, and dark blue), while the middle column consists of spines with horizontal line patterns. The title 'Library School' is written in a white serif font on the right side of the image.

Library School



Gertrude R. Jasper



Elizabeth M. Quier

and

Rebecca B. Rankin

Frank Clark Sayers

Grinton I. Will

THE LIBRARY SCHOOL—

Situated in the heart of the Pratt campus—there, between the curbstones—is the Library. Should the tourist push through its swinging doors for some reason, he would eventually find the Library School; and, if persistent, encounter its students. Librarians, let him be forewarned, are a heterogeneous group, indigenous to Hawaii, Brooklyn and points between. They are skilled in the arts of disguise and camouflage; and can assume at will the characteristics of an artist, a costume designer, an engineer or, with the aid of a multitude of reference books, those of a graceful, though unstable, Roman column. Some of the more adept members of the school have been known to disappear in clouds of smoke.

Once inside, the traveler, who was last seen at the beginning of the first paragraph, will receive a kaleidoscopic impression of multi-colored bindings, glass cases, sturdy columns, manila slips, framed masterpieces and typewriter erasers. Although the Pratt Library is characteristically quiet, an undertone of sound may be detected, emanating from the private quarters of the Library School. It most closely resembles the click of typewriters, blended with the gentle swish of papers settling into wastebaskets. Behind this sound, within the secret place, the librarian assumes his natural form, places *Mudge* beneath his arm as a mark of distinction; and proceeds to discuss matters both printable and unprintable. If lost in thought, he is probably reliving the events of a certain spirited Christmas party, which revealed many hidden personalities.

Occasionally one may observe a library student slipping out of this intense atmosphere to refresh himself with a cup of coffee, listen to a speaker in the Anne Carroll Moore Room or complete some unfinished excavation in the famous Pratt "mine." Operations in the mine account for the funereal appearance of some librarians, and explain the tremors which startle the unsuspecting readers on the first floor, since none of them are librarians.

In passing, Tourist, hope the librarians do, and go on to establish renowned Good Reading collections. With determination, they may even remember how to read.

Nancy Olsen

Mary Green

Emily E. Burgeon

Leahle Castle

Eva Clark

George Capeland





Eleanor Doyle Evergliss Ferguson Marie P. Griffiths Leona Duncan Dorothy H. Hults John P. Jacks Dorothy Jones Helene Keldt



Wilma Keller Lorraine E. Leckly James J. Laska Beatrice Filipek Anne Mears Gibson Paul Bernice D. Roberts William J. Ryder

June E. Seal Jean Sady Ernest Siegel Marion A. Smithson Kate A. Weinstein Eugene M. Wigglesworth



and Naomi Schwartz

DEPARTMENT OF STUDENT LIFE—

It might be appropriate, at this point, to insert a vivid description of the catacombs in contrast to an equally detailed picture of the City of Light; however, such a paragraph, although filled with dramatic possibilities, would not be exactly accurate and must be foregone. Instead, the reader may use his own imagination to envision life at Pratt minus the Men's Club, the Lounge, and the broad shoulders of the student counselors, for it has only been within the past six years that these things have come into being.

Consider, also, the handy dispensary, open throughout the school day for the distribution of band-aids, cough syrup and the removal of those bits of Brooklyn which inevitably find their way into students' eyes. If one is feeling *mighty* low, he can make his way to the Rest House where three days' free service is offered. Roomless students can locate quarters through the housing registry maintained by the Department of Student Life. Add to these the Student Loan Fund, the *Hand-book*, the *Prattler*, *Prattonia*, the freshman orientation program, the Foreign Students Counseling Division, the Student Government Association, inter-faith services, and about eighteen clubs; one now begins to get an idea of the scope of the functions of this important department.

Of course, no amount of listing or cataloguing can bring out the most important and real contribution that the Department of Student Life makes: that of helping the student cut across narrow school lines and become more aware of the Institute as a whole, to grow up, get more out of life, accomplish more in his work, and learn the use of pronouns other than "I."





Saul D. Astor



George A. Finch



Edwin B. Knowles



Russell W. Nash



Ransom E. Noble, Jr.



Roland E. Partridge



Herbert I. Schiller



Hyman Schmierer



David K. Spiegel



Israel Sweet



J. Sherwood Weber

and

Florence Veniar

Walter A. Woods

DIVISION OF GENERAL STUDIES—

The newest addition to the Pratt family of varied departments and curricula is the Division of General Studies.

Since most of the schools are mainly concerned with imparting technical and professional knowledge, one may be rather puzzled by the use of the term "general." If the word "information" is substituted for "studies" perhaps the purpose of this department will be clarified; for its faculty strives to inform the student about such matters as literature, social problems and psychology, which are beyond the limits of his specific technical field. The Division organizes and administers these and related subjects as they appear in degree curricula and as electives in other courses.

A sharpened awareness of the importance of eliminating one-track thinking in students has resulted this year in the introduction of the liberal arts approach in the departments of Advertising Design, Illustration, Industrial Design and Interior Design, all of which now offer a four-year degree as well as the usual certificate.

The Division of General Studies has always played an important part in the life of Pratt, and it will undoubtedly have an even more far-reaching influence in the future.

THE PRATTLER—

Taking advantage of the charming view of Grand Avenue available on the third floor of the Men's Club are an industrious group of newshounds, the *Prattler* staff. A typical journalistic symphony of clattering keys, jangling phones and editorial explosions not only provides a background for their activities but helps to keep the make-up crew awake during the long, moonlit hours (see you for supper at the Venice at 1:00 A.M.).

In addition to covering Institute-wide activities such as dances, sports and lectures, the *Prattler* checks local events in the various divisions of Pratt through special editors assigned to each school. With an assist from faculty adviser Mr. Israel Sweet, the staff has successfully coped with financial difficulties and a shortage of personnel, and has reorganized the newspaper on a more businesslike basis. No simple accomplishment that, when one considers the job undertaken by about thirty-five very busy students, who attempt to keep track of the doings of two thousand others.

Not to be neglected in a summary of events pertaining to the *Prattler* is the participation of some members of the staff in the Pratt "fire." Not only was the editor responsible for turning in the alarm, but four assistant editors and a columnist were on hand to offer help. H-m-m-m! Seems the paper was without a lead story that week.

Another happening of importance in the life of the *Prattler* was the termination of business on the Grand Avenue E.L. For this, the *Prattler* staff wishes to extend its thanks to the City of New York.



the SGA applauds

The Student Government Association is honoring on these two pages the Seniors who, in the thoughtful opinion of the Student-Faculty Awards Committee, have shown outstanding leadership or given unusual service. These students made contributions to the welfare of the student body and to the Institute as a whole, and only their major activities can be included in the lists below.



AL AMATO



ROBERT ANDERSON



RALPH BENSON

ROBERT BEST

ROBERT CHRISTENSEN

MANFRED WESTHEIMER

GEORGE WIESNER



AL AMATO

House Plan '48
Sophomore Class Council '49
Student Executive Board '49, '50, '51
Vice-President, Junior Class '50
Chairman, Publications Committee '51
American Society of Mechanical Engineers '50, '51
April Showers '49, '50, '51
Organized Activity Awards System '50
Chairman, Senior Activity Awards Committee '50
Recipient, S.G.A. Junior Activities Award '50
Listed in *Who's Who Among Students in American Colleges and Universities '51*

ROBERT BEST

House Plan '48, '49
Junior Class Council '50
Vice-President, Senior Class '51
Senior Class Council '51
Student Executive Board '51
Social Committee '50, '51
Co-Chairman, Crusade for Freedom Campaign '51
April Showers '50, '51
Senior Activity Awards Committee '50
American Society of Mechanical Engineers '51

JULIUS CANDELA

Winter Festival '48, '50
Club Fair '48
Social Committee '49, '50, '51
April Showers '49, '51

BERT FREED

Eastern Arts Association '48, '49
Social Committee '49
S.G.A. Finance Committee '50
S.G.A. Activities Award Committee '50, Chairman '51
April Showers '50
Senior Class Council '51

ROBERT ANDERSON

April Showers '50, '51
S.G.A. Social Committee '48, Chairman '49, '50, '51
Student Executive Board '49, '50, '51
House Plan '48
American Institute of Chemical Engineers '48, '49, '50, '51
Recipient, S.G.A. Junior Activities Award '50
Listed in *Who's Who Among Students in American Colleges and Universities '51*

ROBERT CHRISTENSEN

Winter Festival '49, '51
April Showers '50, '51
Freshman Orientation Committee '51
Vice-President, Student Government Association '51
Senior Activities Awards Committee '50
Recreational Facilities Committee '50
Recipient, S.G.A. Junior Activities Award '50

GEORGE WIESNER

President, Student Government Association '51
Co-Chairman, Winter Festival '50
House Plan '48
Honorary Engineering Association '47, '48
Junior Class Council '50
American Institute of Electrical Engineers '46, '47
United World Federalists '48, President '49, '50
Recipient, S.G.A. Junior Activities Award '50
Recipient, Lovell Award '47
Listed in *Who's Who Among Students in American Colleges and Universities '51*

HONORABLE MENTION

ABDON RUBIO

Freshman Class Council '48
House Plan '48
Winter Festival '48
Sophomore Class Council '49
Junior Class Council '50
Glee Club '49, '50
International Radio Engineers '48
American Institute of Electrical Engineers '49, '50, President '51
Secretary-Treasurer, Math Club '49, '50, President '51
April Showers '50
Lutheran Club '50
Honorary Engineering Association '50, '51
Prattler '51

RALPH BENSON

House Plan '48
Freshman Class Council '48
Student Executive Board '48, '49, '50
Vice-President, Student Government Association '49
President, Junior Class '50
Chairman, April Showers '50
S.G.A. Social Committee '48
American Society of Mechanical Engineers '50, '51
Honorary Engineering Association '51
Delegate to National Students Association Convention '49
Recipient, Pratt Engineering Alumni Award '51
Recipient, S.G.A. Junior Activities Award '50
Listed in *Who's Who Among Students in American Colleges and Universities '51*

MANFRED WESTHEIMER

Prattler '48, '49, '51, Editor '50
Institute of Radio Engineers '48, '49, '50, '51
Radio Club '48, '49
Math Club '50, '51
American Institute of Electrical Engineers '51

BARBARA MATURA

Secretary, Student Government Association '51
S.G.A. Finance Committee '49, Secretary '50
April Showers '49, '50
Playshop '49

ROBERT WOLCOTT

United World Federalists '49, Vice-President '50, '51
Business Manager, Winter Festival '50
Prattler '49
Editor, *Prattania* '51

Sports





Harry C. Hostetter
chairman



Stephen Millard



Robert E. Lake



William Gorham



Khosrov Ajootian



Richard Schaeffer

ATHLETIC COMMITTEE

ATHLETIC COMMITTEE

The guiding hand behind the Pratt sports scene is the Athletic Committee, whose duty it is to plan an intercollegiate athletic program consistent with the educational policies of the Institute. The group meets six times a year to consider such necessities as the Athletic Association budget and all varsity schedules. It is the noble effort of these gentlemen which keeps the Pratt athletic program on an even keel; and, in fact, prevents it from falling flat on its face.

Harry C. Hostetter
director of athletics



George W. Davis



Kenneth Pine



Selina Silleck



Maureen Davidson



Eleanor Doryck



PHYSICAL EDUCATION



BASEBALL

As Spring rolled around and baseball again took over the sports pages, George Davis began to assemble his *Cannoneer* squad for the coming season. In this, his sixth year as "Great White Father" of Pratt's diamond destinies, Coach Davis had high hopes for a successful campaign . . . but he'd need a pitcher to replace Hank Quell.

Last year's team was one of the best in Pratt's history. The Davis-men gave a good account of themselves against the top teams of the Metropolitan Conference. Quell's no-hit masterpiece against New Jersey State Teacher's College was the high point of the season.

The coach felt that if rookie George Dresing and the veteran fireballer, Rudy Trevison, lived up to expectations his pitching problems would be solved. He would then have two top-notch starters with Hank Zajac as number one fireman.

Lefty Mayer, Haig Goshgarian and George Post, all long-ball hitters, were back this year along with Sal Giglio and Russ Harter. With dependable veterans at key spots and a few promising rookies to fill in the gaps, things looked promising. Coach Davis looked forward to the first game with L.I.U. with anticipation and apprehension. If the pitching held up . . . if Connie Wroblewski hit in the games as he did in practice . . . if . . .

BASKETBALL

This year's cage squad ran into more trouble than a Cadillac in a Canal Street traffic jam. Ken Pine began his first season as Pratt coach with a starting team of holdovers that averaged under 5'11" in height. In present day basketball, even the small men on most teams stand over six feet tall.

The *Cannoneers* won only four games throughout the 1950-51 season; but the few faithful followers who came out to the games saw a hustling, hard-fighting team that played right down to the wire.

Pine's main headache, aside from the height problem, was to find a couple of ballplayers who could score consistently. Sal Giglio, finishing his last year at Pratt with a flourish, carried most of the burden alone. Of the other seniors on the squad—Howie Bonington, Don Kennedy, Russ Harter and Captain Bob Welz—only "Bonny" came close to registering a consistent scoring punch.

At mid-season, Pine brought up a few of the taller men from the J.V.: "Konny" Von Appen, Orville Harrold, Stan Schneiderman, George Lois, Bruce Newman and Bill Bucket. Their combination of height and speed, plus this year's experience, should (Uncle Sam permitting) make for a winning basketball team next year.





SOCCER
Howard Sleight, after starring on the 1948 and '49 Pratt soccer teams, took over the coaching reigns this season and led the *Cannoneers* through a very successful campaign.

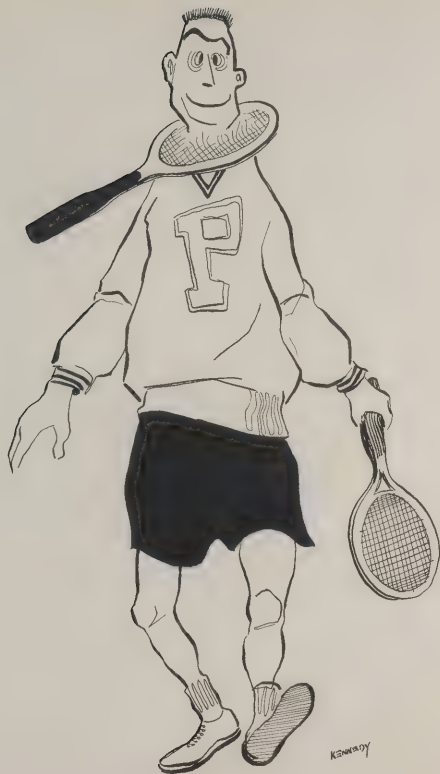
Their record belies their prowess. Of five losses, two were by one point. Another was dropped by a score of 3 to 1 to Brooklyn College, one of the finest soccer teams in the country. On the brighter side, the *Cannoneers*, captained by Walt Cohen, trounced a hapless Queens College eleven, topped Fort Schuyler with a little trouble, and eked out a one point victory over a powerful King's Point squad. Mac Greenidge, star fullback, who had been mentioned for All-American honors was called into the service after the third game. Roland Von Rebay, a European import, is a good bet for All-American next year.

Since the inauguration of soccer as a varsity sport three years ago, the Pratt booters have been improving with each season. With only three members of the team graduating this year, Pratt should be able to start a big, fast, and experienced squad next fall.

TENNIS

Varsity tennis at Pratt moved into the third year of its recent history with pretty good prospects for a successful season. Tennis was discontinued at Pratt in 1928 when the five courts became the site of the Engineering Building. Since resuming, the Pratt racquet-teers, under coach Harry Hostetter, have compiled a respectable record. Last year, with little time for practice, the Pratt net-men won three and tied one out of ten matches played.

Walter Schnyder, Harry Twitchell, Richard Jessup and Robert Zinter are returning to pace this year's squad; and with a few freshmen who have had previous experience, the *Cannoneers* can look forward to a taste of victory.





INTRAMURAL SPORTS

Intramural sports at Pratt this year offered a vast program for class competition, starting with touch football in the fall and continuing through basketball, softball, table tennis, handball and volleyball.

The engineers and artists took a back seat to the architects this year, with Arch. II beating out Arch. III for the football title, and Arch. I upsetting Arch. II for basketball honors. Intramural basketball had a total of twenty-four teams competing in three leagues . . . a record number of participants. Coach Davis expected an equally large turnout for the softball competition.

GIRLS' SPORTS—

The gym is the place where the wearin' o' the green, at least in regard to Pratt females, is not limited to St. Patrick's Day. There, any gal, whether she is an artist, a home economist or an engineer (take a bow, Miss Carnahan), may also discover that fun is equally free from rationing. The guiding spirits of the establishment, the Misses Selina Selleck, Eleanor Doryk and Maureen Davidson, not only give instruction in class, but provide a friendly atmosphere in which a person can relax, talk out problems, borrow sneakers to replace those left at home or partake of some Hallowe'en candy.

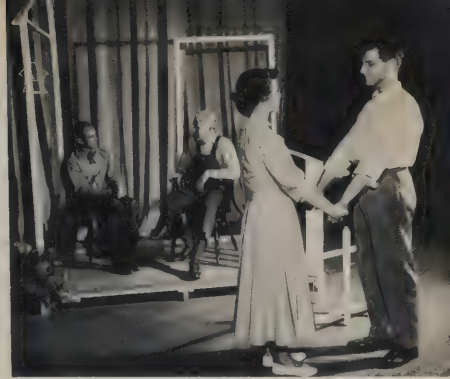
Where sports are concerned, the emphasis is on learning to play for enjoyment, not to make the next Olympic Team. Those who are definitely inclined towards athletics, however, find that the technical aspects of a game are by no means neglected. Activities this year included field hockey, basketball, softball, volleyball, swimming, body mechanics, life saving, badminton, fencing, riding, and both modern and folk dancing. Some innovations were a beginners' class for people who absolutely could not swim, a basketball club, and an advanced swimming class, featuring such activities as racing and rhythmic formation swimming. The latter class was held at the Brooklyn Y. W. C. A.

Another new development concerning girls' athletics at the Institute was Pratt's attendance at sports events conducted by the New York State Athletic Federation of College Women. Those in the Federation meet at each of its member colleges three times a year, and at every meeting attend clinics and hold competitions in a certain sport. The Federation provides girls with the opportunity to visit other colleges, make new friends, learn, play, and have fun.







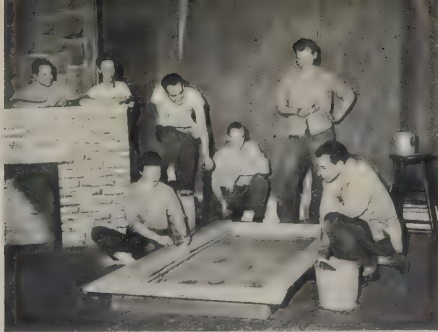


GLEE CLUB—

It's rather unlikely that the Met will offer to audition every member, but those who make the bi-weekly trip to Memorial Hall are certainly going to get their lungs full of music and have a darn good time in the process. Here is the opportunity to find that fourth for a quartet, learn all the verses about the gal with the roving eyes and "ring-a-lets," or meet someone who does know the difference between Piazza and pizza. Dr. Lawrence Perry is always around to provide stimulating direction, keep in line the eager individuals who want to make a solo out of every performance, and see to it that everyone doesn't collapse at the same time during those long, sustained phrases.

This year, the club has made a special effort to include longer and more dramatic compositions in its repertoire. "Porgy and Bess" was equipped with backdrops furnished by the industrial design department, and "Down in the Valley" included spoken as well as sung dialogue.

Naturally, Christmas festivities would have been incomplete without the annual free concert given by the gleemen. It included, as always, plenty of good, old-fashioned audience participation.



THE PLAYSHOP

A cat may have nine lives, but the average Pratt student would probably rather own two heads and ten hands. The necessary grafting is, at the moment, medically impossible; but one may easily acquire a subdivided personality by joining the Pratt Playshop. Membership in this group enables the individual to safely impersonate Napoleon, the Queen of Sheba or Julius Caesar, and provides him with a valid excuse for talking to himself (just running over my lines, you know). At four o'clock on Friday afternoon, the Thespians may be found at play on the stage of Memorial Hall. Jack Aureli momentarily forsakes his tripod and transit to act as president while John Manley and Fred Wallin assume the roles of veep and director. Dr. Edwin C. Knowles offers valuable advice as faculty advisor.

This year, the "theater season" opened with three one-act plays, "A Game of Chess", "Fumed Oak", and "Potboilers". "The Philadelphia Story", which was the Playshop's major production, provided lots of fun for both the members of its cast and their audience on the evenings of March 2nd and 3rd. The first act of "Murder in the Cathedral" by the popular T. S. ("The Cocktail Party") Eliot was used by the Playshop as their annual production for the Pratt English Department.

Onlookers are still wondering how and where the "shoppers" found the time to learn their roles, construct scenery, locate costumes and properties, and take care of makeup, publicity, and programs.



ACKNOWLEDGMENT—

Space does not permit us to list individually the countless contributors of time and talent without whose generous assistance *Prattonia '51* could never have gone to press. However, each knows who he is and, if we have not done so personally, we take this opportunity to express our appreciation and thanks.

We are especially grateful to Miss Mary L. Wolfe, our faculty adviser; to Mr. George Rubens and Delma Studios of Brooklyn, who did the senior portraits; and to Mr. David Miller and Strathmore Press of New York, who published this yearbook.

Prattonia '51 wishes to take this opportunity to express, for itself and for every member of the Class of 1951, sincere sympathy to the families of two who are no longer among us.

Mr. Konrad F. Wittmann—since 1941 head of the Department of Interior Design, respected and admired by all who knew him—died suddenly on April 16, 1951.

Mr. Richard Bohan—who would have been a senior in Illustration—met an untimely death on August 19, 1950. Dick was a boy of tremendous talent and zealous personality.

Both were integral members of the Pratt family and both have left "a lonesome place against the sky."



PRATT INSTITUTE





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